

MULE SKINNER'S LIFE ISN'T WHOLLY DULL

But Missouri Coachman Himself Won't Ever Admit It

GOSSIP WHILE SHELLS DROP

Animals and Correspondent Only Ones to Get Skittish on Trip to Front

By C. C. LYON
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"You've got to take off your hats to the boys who drive the mule teams up to the front," said an old Army officer at mess one evening.

"They travel these roads night after night regardless of how many shells the Germans throw over at them. I've seen the shrapnel and the high explosives breaking all around them, but they merely stop occasionally to inspect the holes in the road and then drive on with their loads of food and ammunition for the men in the trenches."

"They expose themselves a lot more than the men in the trenches." I decided one dark night I'd ride up to the trenches with one of the supply trains.

I halted one wagon as it came along and climbed up on the seat. A boy named Harve was driving the mule team, while the other boy, Butch, had to see that the supplies reached the right trenches and were properly distributed.

Here is the talk I heard on the ride up to the trenches, as I remember it:

Butch: Didja know today's my birthday, Harve? Twenty-four.

Harve: That so? Whatcha girl send ye?

Butch (proudly): Nice pair bedroom slippers.

Harve (kiddingly): Nice pair bedroom slippers? Say, they'll be fine in these muddy dugouts, won't they?

Had something on Butch

Butch (rather peevish): You've got no room to talk, kid. I noticed you didn't get a doggone thing from your girl when you had a birthday in January.

Harve: My girl's too sensible to be wastin' her money on birthday presents, Butch. We're both savin' our coin these days. We're bound to get hitched when I get back home.

Butch: That's right, Harve? You're really goin' to get married? Putter there, old fop! Here, too. Me and Mary fixed it all up in our last letters.

(Here followed several minutes of silence.)

Harve: Why not have a double wedding, Butch?

Butch: How could we when we don't live in the same town?

Harve: Well, we could all clope to Covington, Kentucky, couldn't we?

Butch: Say, boy, your head is solid ivy after that. That would be fun, wouldn't it? Guess I'll write Mary about it. You write your girl, too, will you?

Harve: Sure th—

B-A-N-G!

(A big German shell exploded about ten yards in front of the mules and about 50 yards ahead. The mules reared and kicked and tried to run away.)

Them Skittish Army Mules

Harve: Whoa, doggone yer ornery hides. Damn these Army mules, any how. Never saw such fools in all my life. The more shells they hear, the more skittish they get. Never will have any sense. There, that's more like it. Now, go along.

Lyon (somewhat nervously): That was SOME shell, wasn't it, boys? Do you think they'll be encoring us?

Butch (disinterestedly): I guess so. They usually shell this pike about the time we're taking up the supplies.

Harve: Sure thing, I'll write my girl, Butch. And, say, I've got an uncle down in Paducah, Kentucky; we'll all go down there and visit him on our honeymoons.

Butch: Now you said it, bo. Count on little Willie here.

(Another considerable silence, during which time much machine gun firing could be heard off to the left.)

Harve: I'm homesick as the devil to see my girl. When do you think it will be over, Mr. Lyon?

Lyon: Well, it's hard to tell, boys. I'm going home to see my son graduate from high school whether the war is over or not. It'll be six this coming August and is starting to school in September.

Hope in a Nutty Kaiser

Butch: Say, just listen to this crepe-hanger, won't you, Harve? Gee whiz, we'll be too old to get married then. They'll be sendin' Harve and me to an old gentlemen's home.

Harve: Don't let 'im kid us, Butch. I heard an officer sayin' only today that the Kaiser has gone nutty and that he'll be throwin' up the sponge before the Fourth of July.

Butch: Go on and talk some more like that, boy. I always did think you had a great head on you.

B-A-N-G! B-A-N-G!

(Two shells exploded in quick succession near by. More mule antics and considerable strong language from Harve.)

Butch: Them guys are wastin' a lot of good ammunition on us tonight, ain't they?

Lyon (with increased nervousness): Yes, and I hope they waste everything they put over this way.

Harve: If the war—

"B-A-L-L!"

(It was the commanding voice of a sentry and he had a gun in his hand.)

Harve: Well, this is the end of the line. They have to carry the stuff from here on. You're going to walk back, Mr. Lyon? Well, so long. Remember, any time you want to come up again, this is YOUR wagon.

Butch: Them are my sentiments, too, Mr. Lyon.

Thus they gossiped as the Germans shelled.

THEIR GEOGRAPHY

Two Californians sat in a Y hut waiting for the movies to start. Beside them sat a Rhode Islander.

"There ain't a pretty city in the East," said Californian No. 1.

The Rhode Islander picked up his ears.

"Oh, I don't know," said Californian No. 2. "Detroit and Minneapolis aren't so bad."

The Rhode Islander sighed, and recalled the Far Western trip he had once made to Erie, Pa.

Private Dazo (who has lost his way in a communicating trench): Say, ain't there a drug store on one of these corners? I want to look at a street directory.

HOME IS WHERE THE PIE IS



[Photograph by S. C., A.E.F.]

"Home is where the heart is"—

Thus the poet sang;

But "home is where the pie is"

For the doughboy gang.

Cruisers in the craters,

Pastries in *cibola*—

This Salvation Army lass

Sure knows how to please!

Watch her roll the pie crust

Mellowier than gold;

Watch her place it neatly

Within its ample mold;

Sniff its grand aroma

While it slowly bakes—

Though the whine of "Minnie" shells

Echoes far awakes.

Tin hat for a halo!

Ah, she wears it well!

Making pies for homesick lads

Sure is "beating hell";

In a region blasted

By fire and flame and sword.

This Salvation Army lass

Battles for the Lord!

Call me sacrilegious

And irreverent, too;

Pies? They link us up with home

As naught else can do!

"Home is where the heart is"—

True, the poet sang;

But "home is where the pie is"

To the Yankee gang!

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Church Manners

By BRAN MASH

To people who have not been in the

habit of going to church before joining

the Army, except to other people's fun

erals and weddings, the how, why and

whereof of good behavior in church is,

in large measure, all Greek. In the

Army, however, when there is nothing

else to do on a Sunday morning, the

chances are, like as not, that you may

be inveigled into attending a service.

Some colonels anxious to coddle the

mother vote at home, institute church

services for the whole regiment, and

get everybody to go by the simple ex-

pendient of falling everybody in, pre-

sumably for a wood detail, and then

springing church on them.

But whether your attendance at

church is voluntary or involuntary,

there are certain rules of deportment

which must be lived up to, or the vis-

iting brethren and sistren may put

you down as a most irreligious young

man. And, as religion has not entirely

gone out of fashion in the United States,

it is even said to be patronized more

than ever by some of our best people

(who have to do something to "help win

the war"), it is a good thing to get

the hang of it.

With the spring coming on as it is,

it is a safe bet that most of the church

parties held from now on will be

in the open. Accordingly, a few words

about the open air service, its limita-

tions and its exigencies, are now in

order.

Never spit in ranks during the course

of the sermon. If you haven't had time

to stow your plug before falling in, and

the old plug is fairly oozing out of the

corners of your face, of course you have

got to spit; but don't spit audibly.

Let it trickle gently, and—if you

have one—try to conceal it by use of a

handkerchief. If you have no hand-

kerchief, let'er drive—as inaudibly as

you can—taking care to have it carom

off your corporal's newly shined shoes.

The proper position during the course

of the sermon, hymns, and so forth is

a modified parade rest. You are com-

monly supposed to be standing at ease,

but the half-and-half parade rest looks

more proper. The militairiness of the

attitude need not, however, prevent you

from murmuring "Old stuff!" to your

neighbor when the parson gets reminis-

cent or forgetful and repeats himself.

If you are in the front rank, adhere

to a perfect parade-rest position

throughout the course of the ceremonies.

You are right out there where the col-

onel and the staff and the dominie can

spot you, so there isn't any other choice.

The only thing to avoid is the colonel's

eye when the parson starts to dilate on

the evils of shooting craps.

Don't be in too much of a hurry to

time the preacher. Incessant lifting of

the wrist watch arm is quite out of

place. You'll get plenty of time to in-

spect the face of that interesting piece

of chronometry when the Good Man be-

gins on his 30-minute prayer.

If they pass hymn cards or hymn

books or prayer manuals or anything

else down the ranks, help yourself, and

pass them on. Adhere to the old Army

rule of taking anything that's free and

some things that aren't. If you are

green at the art of reading responses,

try to time your reading with that of

the nearest Episcopalian. Get your

cadence from him, and don't hit up the

stride.

When it comes time to sing, sing the

air. Never try to fake a tenor as you

are a tenor, or a bass as you are a

bass. If you are a tenor, sing like a

tenor, and get away from friction all

the time! Boy, could that lad snore!

It'd been out of the transport a scant

two weeks, maybe that snore was in-

spired there, on some dark night when

he was wishing all the world had luck.

Or maybe it had been thrust upon him

when he was still gamboling playfully

on the green. Or maybe he was born

with it. Whatever the explanation, he

surely had considerable snore.

Grousing in their sleep, the Philadel-

phia bunch turned over, grunted, awoke,

and listened fearfully. Had the spirit

of Quakerdom come to brood over her

loved ones? Softly one of the Fifth

War wonders began to hum.

"There's a Quaker down in

Quakerdom." His humming was lost

in the competition.

Dreams of Super-Mosquitoes

The Jersey lads lay still in anguish,

and pictured mosquitoes bigger than

Providence had ever visited on a war-

tormented world. But never a bite they

got, only that steady-by-jerks wheeze,

the pent-up melody of a hundred Wash-

ington County tollies in every snore.

Chicago lads, accustomed to the bay

of the midnight loon-bound, the squeal

symphony of Porcelain, the hiss of the

morning papers, touched wood in a cold

sweat and prayed as they had never

prayed before.

There was only one way to settle the

controversy. Merry badinage, proceeding

from faint hearts, failed to still the

snore. Hard-boiled threats that would

have won a Marine three stripes didn't

even put a notch in the process of bust-

ing up the quiet of the Casual Barracks.

It was the merest luck that in strolled

another one of those Twelve O'Clock

Fellers in this Nine Thirty O'Clock

SNORING HATH CHARMS, BUT WATTELL ARE THEY?

'Twas the Night Before April, and All Through the Barracks Not a Creature Was Stirring, Until—

After six weeks in one barracks, we thought we had learned all there was to know about military snoring. A writer on Pneumonia Alley had taught us so many tricks in plain and fancy mid-night snorts, sounded so many keys in nasal music hitherto unheard by normal ears, that we believed there was nothing more to know.

There was the Jersey Snore, pitched in a sharp, with something about it that reminded a man of a muggy summer evening in the itchy sands.

Then there was a Philadelphia Snore—the habitual kind. It reminded a man of a saunter down Chestnut Street, a sort of perpetual, habitual caress of the ebb and flow of an easy life, unconscious of the existence of anything but Philadelphia.

Also the raucous Chicago snore, that had an elevated sound to it, with a rattling loop of racket at the end of each agitation of the diaphragm, a sort of musical movement, par excellence, born of the spirit of git-there, thick with the suggestion of the redolent stockyards. You could fairly hear in it the phonographic record of a "night-drag" taking a compound-cross-over in Englewood, at 38 miles an hour, hell-bent for peoria.

Something New Under the Sun

These were great snores of their kind, and as we got accustomed to them, while throttling our curses in the darkness and damping the transports that left us with self a dig apple at Venice, Cal., and the ecstasies of an all night "movie party" at a nearby cafe. Also, he has hob-nobbed with Morpheus amid the murmuring cedars, while far below him sighed the uneasy waves of Puget Sound. The yank-wangee bing-bong of a Chinese orchestra in U.C. has failed to phase his innocent rest nor has the howl of "the winds that wonder 'mid the sphere" put the K.O. on the sandman when his bunk happened to be staked out atop the ridges of the Rockies.

In short, he thought he was a pretty fair sleeper, until the coming of the Brand New Snore.

It had been a quiet March day, the last one, in fact, on the calendar. Some of the boys had been en route to see March-April. None of them, our frizzle-whisker fellows at home to the contrary notwithstanding, was "bookoo zig-zag." The nightly business of chinning was *fini m'sieur*, and all went merry as a bean into a mess-kit. But hark! What is it slithers the silence like the voice at the feast of Belshazzar? We know the voice, the snore comes in the "Casualty Camp," certainly this is one of the worst yet. Ay, yea, bo, and 'hen some!

Not a Bit of Competition

Not another snore on the job, and without competition, like Standard Oil just after being discovered, this unspeakable nasal noise slides seductively through the silence. At first it is as shy as a country maid at her first lawn-party. It ambles around through the darkness, lingering just long enough above each sleeper to rouse him. Then it gathers in volume, the snore-telephone is a sickly wheeze by comparison.

Ray-On MacDuff and all the rest of Macbeth's Bloody Crew would have given four bits apiece to